



THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol XXIII

No 58



SUMMER TERM 1923

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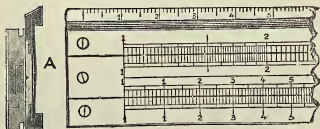
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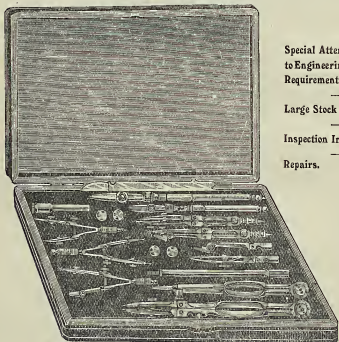
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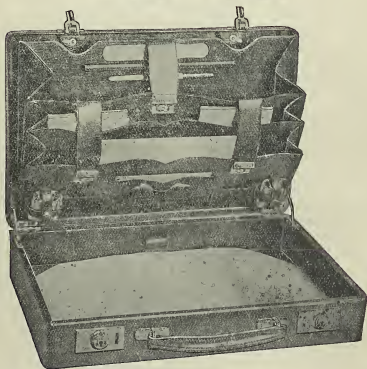
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The Southampton University College Magazine

Vol. XXIII.

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Summer Term, 1923.

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All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the EDITOR, and should be signed. Articles are printed, either under any selected pseudonym, or under the initials of the writer.

All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS or SUBSCRIPTIONS should be Addressed to the SECRETARY of the Magazine, University College, Southampton.

The Southampton University College Magazine.

EDITORIAL.

The Session is now drawing to a close, and in this third issue we wish to thank very much all the members of the Staff and Students who have helped forward the work of our College magazine. There has been a loyal response from both past and present Students to our appeals for articles, and we sincerely hope that this support will be continued in succeeding terms.

We also acknowledge gratefully the energetic co-operation of the Magazine Committee, who have aided us in the task of collecting articles, and we hope that the Editor of next year will receive such encouraging support.

In the magazine our aim has been to reflect, as far as possible, all aspects of College life. The achievement of this aim depends very largely, if not entirely, upon the wholehearted support of the members of each College faculty. Without this, the magazine cannot reflect completely the many activities of College life. We therefore appeal very especially for the help of those who are staying up that this aim may be still further realized next year; we also remind them that criticisms and suggestions are welcome as well as articles.

To those going down, we wish the best of luck in their future careers. May they take away with them many pleasant memories of their life here, and bring to their work the old College spirit.

"Strenuis Ardua Cedunt."

S. H. W.
A. E.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL.

President—Mr. J. P. Dufton. Engineering Faculty
 Representative (vice Mr. Armstrong)—Mr. J. N. Campbell.
 J. C. C.



WESSEX UNIVERSITY.

These red brick walls, whose glare offends the eye,
 On which no mellowing hand of Time hath lain,
 Are nought to him—no reason to remain,
 He does not check his step, but passes by.

Though ancient walls with ivy mantling high
 Breathe secrets in his ear and whisper plain
 Of famous men whose names they still retain,
 He knows not that within these walls doth lie

A soul far older than are they, spirit
 Of all who in retirement set their feet
 Upon the path which in obscurity

A Milton or a Newton trod. Most fit
 That we who love our home, though austere, should meet
 To hail the Wessex University.

JULIUS CÆSAR.



THE SWIMMER.

Cold pearls the light along the lone grey sand ;
 The slow waves idly murmur at their play,
 A sharp wind whips them white out in the bay,
 And clouds scud fast for daybreak is at hand.
 With joyful feet a swimmer skims the strand,
 Braves the swift plunge, and farther off doth rise,
 And, shaking water from his hair and eyes,
 Strikes boldly out, spurning the misty land.
 Eastwards and ever onwards still he swims,
 Breasting with well-timed stroke each spitting wave,
 Until the sun, new-born from ocean-grave,
 Half his gold circle on the horizon rims ;

Each gold-tipped wave a jewelled stair appears—
 If he should sink—a straight high-road to Heaven,
 Which he, with body cleansed and soul new-shriven,
 Would fain grasp now, all pure in salt sea tears.
 He sees the rose dawn flushing all the shore,
 And though he swims, his soul is on its knees.
 "O God of Light, I praise Thee and adore,
 Maker of Earth, and Sky, and Mighty Seas!"

V.



GIVE THE CONTEXT OF:—

- (i.) What a blow!
- (ii.) As serious students, you must realise....
- (iii.) Jolly Fine!!!
- (iv.) Dear me, how public!
- (v.) Well, I'm flicked.
- (vi.) Oh, daggers!!
- (vii.) Great Scott! What a dusty outlook!
- (viii.) I'm so peeved, you know.
- (ix.) Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to be very
 kurful.



LAPSUS LINGUAE.

This is the leg that has my toes on it.

Miss Wh-t-ng.

Danzig is on one of the rivers in the North of Scotland.

Prof. L-t-l.

She has golden eyes and blue hair.

Prof. L-t-l.

I shall be dead if I get to the top of this hill alive.

Miss P. R-pl-y.

I have never been in a train that stops before.

Miss Th-m-s.

I had rather walk two miles than stand still one.

Miss M-yce.

- I could hear myself scorching.
Miss S--p-r.
- Who are the competitors for dribbling the hockey race?
Mr. Fr-n-is.
- It was my privilege to be feeding at the table for two
or three days with Dr. Davies.
- They sucked it in thro' their ears.
Prof. Leake.
- When are we going to play the mixed ladies?
Prof. Leake.
- This is not a tea that will last till supper time.
Miss D. B-rd.
- All those who wish to see me to-night should come
to-morrow morning.
Miss A-br-y.
- Heads backward run.
Miss P-rry.
- Look at that wear little dee bird.
Miss Sm-th.
- I mean a crooked circle—not a round circle.
Mr. R-sh--th.
- They fade away with startling rapidity.
Mr. R-sh--th.
- If a child faints, open its neck.
Mr. An-t-y.
- I'd better speak now I'm talking.
Prof. Le-ke.
- Its more better than bits of straight lines.
Dr. St-a-t.



TO MR. — AT THE COLLEGE SOIREE.

After A. C. SWINBURNE.

[A long way after, we fear.—Editor.]

Don't go for a bit,

It's not over yet!

I'd love thee to sit

Beside me, and let

Me drink in the lure of thy lips in vacuous,
simpering set.

The delight of the swallows
Returning is nought
To the gladness that follows
A dance by thee sought.
As the deep-muffled boom of the surf is the
joy of thy virile "Eh, whawt!"

As the moon rising redder
Than blood from the seas,
As a large chunk of Cheddar,
Or, maybe, Dutch cheese,
Is the round and the red of thy face, and more
fragrant than best Ambergris.

Are thy tresses smooth plastered
Straight back from thy brow,
Their turbulence mastered
As sleek as a cow?
As the music and perfume of pine woods, that
rustle at even—that's thou!

The way that thou jigglest
My arm held aloft,
And skiddest and wrigglest
In one-stepping off,
Is a pleasure that's keener than watching
the soot on a sill falling soft.

Ambrosial delicious
With beauty replete
Is thy tie (do they wish us
To give up this seat?)
As the glories of autumn on mountain and moor
are the socks on thy feet.

Is she a curmudgeon?
(La fiancée à vous?)
Would she niggardly grudge one
Whose chances are few
The delight of a little free food which she
welcomes as flowers the dew?

Ah, now thou art gone
Maybe better my lot ;
The sunlight that shone
Made this place rather hot,
And *she* shall feel bilious and cloyed by those
quaint-coloured cakes thou hast got.

SAPPHO.



VISIT OF DIOGENES' WIFE.

I am the wife of Diogenes, he who whilom dwelt in a tub. After ministering to the wants of the souls in the underworld for many moons I found grace in the sight of Pluto, and he permitted my ascent to this planet. And I found me in the pleasant streets of Southampton, and, walking up a gentle slope, I beheld a large building and a goodly. In the portal thereof I beheld a man, and he looked with benevolence at me, a poor handmaiden. His garments wrought with gold became him passing well, and I learned that he commanded the troop of women and lads who make sport with brooms and muddy liquid, which they pour liberally over the cloisters at appointed times.

Walking along the vestibule came a youth in a black robe. He at the door noted his furtive look, and gazed into space. The youth had a scroll in his hand, and this he placed tenderly on a wooden structure covered with green tapestry, over which was fastened a black mesh.

Some time later I saw a damsel—her eyes grew soft as she pressed the scroll to her bosom. But she, seeing me, was afeard, and dropped the letter, and gathered her black robe round her and vanished.

And I, picking up the parchment, saw the script, but understood it not.

Dear Ruth (may I ?).

What about it? What? Same old place on the Common, same old time. We'll jazz down town for tea, and do a show afterwards.

Yours,

BANFORD.

I turned my steps towards a room at the end of the cloister, and a damsel said, "Hush, do not attract the Professor's attention to me, for, verily, I must lose his gems of thought by reason of this villainous scheme that has been thrust on me." And I spake with other damsels, whose fingers did work right busily with needles and many coloured wools.

And after wishing me much joy of my adventure, they saw me enter the First Chamber. He who gesticulated with a manuscript on the dais did freeze me with a glance, and I perceived that the youths and damsels did write on their parchments with great haste, and he who possessed the manuscript did speak words of many syllables. At intervals did he quote stanzas, and mine ear was much enamoured with this passage:—

"An answer pealed from that high land,
But in a voice no man could understand."

And a bell sounded, whereat the sage clutched a square helmet, adjusted it on his head, and vanished from the room with much dignity.

Now when he had gone the youths and maidens wended their way to a frail structure, where for shekels one might obtain comfortings after the labours of the morning. At length a goodly man and portly entered, and spake thus:—"Ladies and gentlemen, why tarry ye here? Know ye not that the hour is long past when ye were to resume lectures? Be kurful to bring some foolscap, together with Miss Simpkins' book on 'The Teaching of English.'"

Then went I with such as were wise and girded up their loins, and followed him. And his words were such as the simple may understand, and there was silence among those who sat in the Hall. Often would they laugh at the witty sayings of him who spake, and everyone seemed content. And I said to myself, "Oh, happy are ye who listen to the words of a man of understanding."

Then from another chamber came a noise like that of cymbals and trumpets, and, behold, some people raised their voices and sang a song. The words were strange, but the refrain held mine ear—"The Raggle Taggle Gipsies, Oh!"

He who made the noise on an instrument of musick did turn his head, and beheld a maiden without a black upper garment. Then was he very wroth, and said, "Please, please!" But the maiden was froward, and left the chamber in dudgeon, and I marked her, that she made her way to another habitation, whence came a vile stench.

Methinks he who led the cheerful noise cometh from a warm land, for did he gird his neck with a long scarf and a thick, that the chilly air of noon might not harm his vocal organs.

And I wandered along, and marked many people make their way towards the place of refection for their noontide meal, and I marvelled at the way in which they did eat cheerfully, for, verily, the food did appear strange unto me.*

"Ah!" methought, "surely these will soon take their rest." But, no! Some did don white sandals, and did show much energy in a disport with little spheres that were thrown over a mesh by means of a sturdy, wooden gridiron.

Others who had surely been overwrought when he of the fluent tongue and many syllables spoke, did seat themselves on the grass, a man and a woman against every fallen tree trunk, and they did discourse on him who, with a damsel fair, did lose his way in the Forest at the festival of Whit.

But those who repaired to the First Chamber did find recreation in a dance. Coy were the maidens, and bold were the youths, yet withal very happy. And a tall man entered, and there was a great silence, and when I looked, behold, the people had melted away.

And behold the appointed time for my return was nigh, and, with slow steps and a sad heart, I returned to the souls who had preceded these happy students in Pluto's kingdom, and I thought of the days when they, too, would join me for ever.

CÆSAREA.

[* A profound and illuminating statement.]

"A SUNSET IN THE NEW FOREST."

An evening at the beginning of the beautiful month of September, I happened to cycle across the Forest to a solitary spot by the sea.

It was a beautiful still evening, about 7 o'clock, and from the little rippling waves came only the sound of a soft murmuring, and I sat on the beach at the water's edge and looked at the sparkling sea. In front of me were the green hills of the Island, and on these and on the white cliffs the sun shone so as to make them almost dazzling. Over to my right (although the sun was invisible behind a cloud) the sky was brilliant with a red, or rather flame-coloured glow, which radiated over almost half of the great "Dome of Heaven," gradually mingling with and terminating in a soft blue. This glow, reflected on the calm waters, was beautified two-fold, and, fading away into the west, seeming almost to be sailing out to meet that golden haze, were three little fishing boats, with pure white sails. This kind of scene makes many thoughts arise in one's mind, and there flashed upon my memory those two short verses of Tennyson:—

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, oh, sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Break, break, break,
On the foot of thy crags, O sea,
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

That golden glow as I saw it over the sea was, however, not so soul-stirring as what I was to look upon later that evening.

Situated about half-a-mile inland is a tiny church. I shall never forget the beauty of that little old building, nestled in among the trees, with bright green moss on the roof, ivy creeping over the old walls, and the massive black door slightly open, seeming to invite all weary pilgrims into the peaceful quietude within. There was, however, ever greater beauty inside that solitary old church, for the rays of the sun were pouring in through the west window, filling the sanctuary with a golden light, which seemed

Divine and Heavenly, falling upon the gleaming cross, and shedding a soft, pink glow on the fine white marble of the beautiful figures, which seemed to reign supreme over the holy silence of that little building.

Then, as the time grew on, I unwillingly took a last look at that tiny chancel, which was still filled with a soft, golden radiance, that, it seemed, could only have come from the Divine Presence—and stepped across that Holy Threshold out into the glory of the setting sun.

Nothing could ever drive from my memory the vision of that sunset. I have seen many beautiful sunset effects right out on the lonely moors, but that evening it seemed as if the Golden Gates were open, letting forth some of the radiant splendour of Heaven, to be reflected on this little world. The whole of the western sky seemed to be one living flame, as the great ball of fire slowly sank down to the horizon, behind the trees and the hills, and the sea. It seemed that the whole beautiful world was connected by a great link to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the memory of that still and peaceful, yet brilliant evening, will ever be one of the loveliest pictures printed on my mind.

SOLITUDE.



SUMMER CALM.

Falmouth Harbour! Sapphire beauty
Glances in your shimmering waters,
Blue as Heaven's wide arch encircling,
Calm as breathless noons of summer.
Here the summer fain would linger,
And the sun spend all his vigour,
Charmed by your wide peaceful grandeur.
Here e'en sunset's wild red glories
Melt beneath your waves' caresses,
And the wind's voice is a whisper.
Here the tranquil tides upheaving,
Wind in many a creek and inlet
Dreamy motion, gently flowing.

Mark, O Giant, fierce Atlantic,
Shore-despising, wind-swept ocean,
Here may rest your tossing billows,
Loving arms of land enfold you,
Hold you thus and keep you ever
Restful, stilled, in Falmouth Harbour.
Here the brow of stern Pendennis,
Of stirring Tudor times a relic,
Frowns across the dreaming waters
At St. Anton's granite lighthouse,
Guardians of the harbour entrance,
Where the tall ships ride at anchor,
And the caves are sea-shell jewelled,
And the gold-brown sea-weeds floating
(Wave-entangled mermaids' tresses)
Wander upward from the sea-bed
Of the limpid, sand-strewn shallows.

Long-desired Cornish haven!
Breathe thy calm o'er hearts that love thee,
Grant to them—the long day finished—
When their prow at last turns westward,
Ere they face the grim Atlantic,
Starlit peace in Falmouth Harbour!

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Where Miss Tr-sc--t gathers her (K)nuts-in-May?

Which Highfield-Haller's pen has a "J" nib?

Who are the Bush Baptists?

Who rolls the tennis courts?

Directions for a safe Sunday evening walk?

Whether Miss H-yt-r heard the Camp-bell ring in the last "Vac."?

Why Mr. Chevallier did not take part in the high jump on Sports' Day?

Whether Prof. W-tk-in loves to chase four-footed animals at Ashley?

Whether Mr. M-ll-r is training for a steeplejack?

Whether the Coll. wireless enthusiasts were satisfied with their "fire-bucket" aerial?

Whether "full academic dress" will be worn to and from Coll. next session?

Who is the "Beadle"?

Whether Dr. St-rt's gown is a product of the Orient?

Whether his colours represent Normals B + Engineers?

Who upset the collection plate at the Coll. church-parade?

Who is it that

" bears 'mid snow and ice,

A two-stroke with a strange device,

Excelsior"?

Whether Miss R-pl-y is hiding her light under a "bushell"?

What is the true meaning of the formula $P=MF$?

When will Miss -xf-rd cease to pay for coffee in the Refec.?

Whose purse will suffer?

LINES BY A YOUNG LADY

(Who, having written a thesis upon "A Spider's Eyes," now wishes she had not).

I wandered lonely as an owl
That hoots and hoots in minor key,
When all at once I gave a howl
Of unrepressed and jocund glee ;
For there, upon a mossy stone,
An aged spider sat alone.

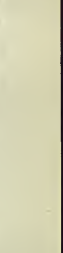
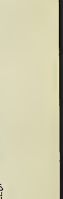
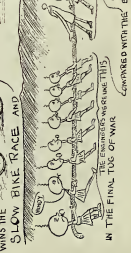
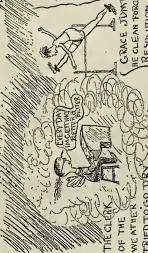
He was a phantom of delight,
An insect, yet a godsend, too,
For I must needs a thesis write,
And straight methought his eyes will do.
Ten thousand little eyes had he,
With all of them he winked at me.

Perhaps he took me for a fly,
And thought to lure me to his den.
But back to Hostel did I hie,
And seized my trusty fountain pen.
I wrote and wrote, but little thought
What woe the brute to me had brought.

For now when in the corridor
I loiter with a pensive mien,
I'm sure to meet some horrid bore
Who asks me, "Are they blue or green?"
And then my angry passions rise,—
I — that wretched spider's eyes.



SPORTS DAY



THE OUTCAST.

He was young, innocent and verdant. With a passion that was almost lyrical in its intensity, he picked it up, wiped it reverently on a resplendent sock, opened it out compass-wise till its two limbs described an angle of 180 degrees, and proceeded to probe the dark mysteries of a foul and spluttering pipe. A moment later he cast it from him with a sigh of content, and passed from my ken; the corridor resounded hollowly to the confident tread of his immaculate brogues.

It lay for an instant in silence, then drew itself together, and swore softly such oaths as would not affright the most fastidious ears of W.C.R., "Zounds, sir, and Gadsooks! I pray thee, what saucy merchant was this?" This is not modern English, 'tis true, but I understood perfectly why it should speak the language of Elizabeth. Had I not sat behind it that very day, hearing expounded the mystery of the dark lady of the sonnets, and thinking wildly of the fair lady in front of me? So I bent down and answered it softly, being used to the ways of its kind. "Forgive him!" I cried. "He is young. He will learn by-and-by. *They* will see to that." It shrugged its shapely shoulders, and muttered an inarticulate reply.

I looked again at it long and sadly, for I had met another just like it at my first soiree. I sighed softly as I turned away, and thought of Kipling's lines:—

"A fool there was, and he made his prayer
Even as you or I,
To a rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair——"

But the poet sadly underestimated the importance of the hairpin.



ON DIT.

That Mr. P--nt-r was very disappointed at his exclusion from the Coll. tennis team.

And that one day he will find his form, and then ! ! ? ? * *

That the Coll. photo is to be published in instalments, all cinema rights being reserved.

That the better the " wriggle " the better the service.

That young T--ll-y does not approve. (Which is young T--ll-y ?)

That there will soon be a " sub round " for a *piano* for Room 1.

That the tennis courts are used for other things than tennis.

That Mr. W--lls's favourite expression is " Great Scott " ? And that it also refers to Mr. J--pp's audacity.

That Mr. --rn--ld is much concerned.

That Mr. C--nn--lly has cleaned the " Rusty Triumph."

That Miss Gw--n J--n--s has *not* seen " Three Live Ghosts."

That certain Khartoum Road students will soon require Gordon Boys (complete with truck) to carry the letters after their names.



HOSTEL NOTES.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

The interest in sports has been a marked feature of this term, and when the weather has been reasonable King Willow has been holding his court, and the swish of the tennis ball or the click of the croquet mallet have proclaimed that outside enjoyment was dominant.

The House did exceptionally well in the College Sports, as this record shows :—

100 Yards.—1, Hughes ; 2, Wilmot ; 3, Bimson ;
4, Jones (L. P.).

220 Yards.—2, Jones ; 3, Taylor ; 4, Wilmot.

- 440 Yards.—1, Bimson ; 4, Jones.
 Throwing Cricket Ball.—1, Coleman ; 3, Taylor.
 Hurdles.—2, Taylor ; 3, Wilmot.
 Putting Weight.—1, Murray ; 2, Aitken ; 3, Bather.
 Relay Teams.—2, Wilmot, Coxall, Jones and Bimson ;
 3, Wyatt, Hughes, Bather and Delhantly.
 Three-legged Race.—1, Leyshon and Delhantly ; 2,
 Soper and Stevens.
 Tilting the Bucket.—1, Soper and Stevens.

Inside tranquility (interrupted by sudden periods of hectic swotting) has been the keynote. One memorable evening Dr. Russell Bencraft (the College Treasurer) gave us some of his cricketing reminiscences. The Common Room rang with laughter continuously for nearly an hour. We were pleased when he "Got up" and "Spoke up," but regretted that he thought, at 10.15, that he should "Shut up."

The outstanding event of this term will, of course, be the departure, on June 18th, of the ex-Service Students. Next term the majority of those who were first students in the Hostel will not return.

Few will say that the sixty who are leaving have not done well. They had not an easy task, but they have established traditions in many directions which will be difficult to emulate. There will never be in the House such a body of men who have had such differing experiences, and there will probably never be such a large number live in it so happily.

Our best wishes go out to those leaving, and, at the same time, we may express our confidence that those who remain will help to retain the standard, inside and outside, that has been set.

A. S. A.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

With the end of the session in view, many of us, doubtless, are thinking : Would that (utinam !) we could prolong our brief (tho' maybe inglorious) College career. But, alas, Father Time is ruthless, and our only consolation seems of

necessity to lie in pleasant memories ; for are we not told,—

“ Memory is the only paradise from which we cannot
be turned out.”

Then, of course, there are the Re-unions to which we may look forward—happy occasions as this session's has proved. So looking forward to the near future, when we hope to see old friends once more,

“ We who hold sage Homer's rule the best
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,”

and wish all those going down the very best of luck.

M. J.

SOUTH HILL.

Although “ summer term ” might suggest to some minds a whirl of tennis parties and garden fetes, we at South Hill have experienced few of these delights, instead, a whirl of work has surrounded us, and we feel that with exams. approaching we should do well to eschew such frivolities. This sounds as though the term has been depressing ; on the contrary, our love of work and tennis have kept us in high spirits, which even the visit of two ruffianly tramps failed to damp.

It is with real regret that many of us realise that our College life is fast drawing to a close, and we wish to those who will carry on all the happiness and good times that we have enjoyed so much.



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL NOTES.

The results of the football matches played during last season were :—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
First Eleven	53	21	22	10
Second Eleven	48	22	18	8

These figures are remarkable, and contain records in many ways. Never have so many matches been played by the College in any season : never have so many as 190 goals been scored in one season, or over fifty players turned out. This year is the first time that College XI has played regularly in football of the standard of the Southampton Senior League, and they did well to secure 19 points from 26 games. In the Wednesday League we finished third, and had the excellent goal average of 66 for and 30 against. With a little luck we would have been runners-up.

Honours have been awarded as follows :—

Old caps re-awarded.—Arnold, Knight and Wilmot.

New caps.—Bather, Coxall, Jones (W. A.), McCabe, Murray, Sapsed and Wright.

Colours (in addition to above).—Connor, Meaning and Wyatt.

Permission was sought of the Students' Council to honour also the following fine sportsmen who have played unselfishly and loyally throughout the season (though more often in the second team than in the first).—Beaumont, Ferguson, Hughes, Leyshon, Roberts (J.), Siggers, Taylor and Wells. Without the aid of these and of many similar, the very heavy programme could not have been completed. Any normal year these men would have had their places regularly in the first XI. Had they been honoured, the percentage would not, when compared to other sports, have been unduly high, but, unfortunately, regulations prevented the permission being given.

A. S. A.,

Hon. Sec.

RE-UNION, 1923.

Very many thanks to all who helped to make Re-union such a success. Both present and past students were well represented. From Friday night until Monday night we had a right royal time with the true Re-union spirit.

Proceedings opened at Coll. on Friday with a musical reception, presided over by Mrs. S. Collins. Both Friday and Monday evenings, informal though they were, and ending with a short hop, were most enjoyable.

Coll. songs were exceptionally well sung, and vocal efforts of Misses E. Thorne and G. Prydderch were much appreciated, and everyone will remember "Teddy" and his "Maggie Macaroni."

Saturday, with its "chin-wag" at the Cadena, tennis and cricket in the afternoon, finished with THE event—the Soirée at the Coliseum, where nearly 200 floated merrily round, inspired by a really "posh" orchestra.

The presence of the Principal at this function and his kind welcome were greatly appreciated by all.

The C.U. meetings on Sunday were very successful, particularly the one presided over by Prof. Lyttel at South Hill, where we were kindly entertained to tea by Mrs. Ashdown.

Monday found fifty of us "seated on the heather-r-r-r," though "the air *was* fu' o' weather-r-r-r-r," and special thanks are due to "Corporal Teddy" for organising a real jolly Forest outing. The time-honoured Gobli found full expression on the green on Monday, when we reluctantly said "Farewell," looking forward to an even better time next year. The programme throughout the Re-union was in the hands of the joint secretaries, Miss C. Cross and Mr. G. R. Carter, backed by a splendid committee.

L. J. C.

"THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY." *

(FIRST MOVEMENT.) F. Schubert.

A few bars of poignant, low octaves ushers in this glorious Symphony, and before you have quite realized it your imagination is caught up in a labyrinth of trembling, rapid violin melodies, now hushed and tenderly caressing, now brimming over with anguish as the oboes or the horns come in. The beautiful subject-theme then follows, and is delicately worked out by different sections of the orchestra. Its development, however, is cut short abruptly—by a painfully tense silence that is more eloquent than a tempest of drums. This is only to herald the stupendous "tutti," when the whole band (except the cornets and drums) strikes that glorious chord. This brilliant "crescendo" develops until, with the violins now screaming with frenzy, the drums and the cornets can no longer restrain themselves, and now triumphantly proclaim the very summit of this passionate climax. The whole resources of the orchestra are insufficient to render justice to the dazzling brilliancy of this tumultuous passage, which now dies down as quietly as it began, to return to the sorrowful opening bars and the sublime tranquility of that unforgettable subject-melody. The movement is appropriately closed by a short "stretto" of chords.

H.H.

**C.U. REPORT.****WOMEN.**

The subjects treated in the C.U. activities during the past session were varied and the speakers distinguished. Dr. Herbert Grey is always sure of a warm welcome at U.C.S. after his lecture on "Men and Women" (incidentally, if you haven't read his book, "Men, Women and God," now in the C.U. library, do so—it's worth it).

The Rev. Bernard Hancock is always a favourite with College audiences, and the speakers in the campaign will not be easily forgotten. We hope that all those who became aware of the existence of the C.U. for the first time during

* Rendered at the Annual Meeting of the U.C.S. Engineering Society, March 10th, 1923.

that week will be guided by their instinct of curiosity and come inside.

The Doodah at the beginning of the Easter term was a great success, and we were very glad to see the staff so well represented. We thank all those who helped to make things go.

The result of the Finance Week this year seems to belie the student's reputation for penury. The joint contribution to Headquarters amounted to £20. Again, many thanks.

We have to say "good-bye and good luck" to Miss Inskip, whose visits we have thoroughly enjoyed, and welcome her successor, Miss Harrison, of Newnham.

Study Circles are still a source of strength. A helpful week-end Study School was held by Mr. J. Coates and Miss Inskip early this term.

We are hoping to send eight women to the Swanwick Conferences. They are the Misses P. Alexander, A. Earle, E. Frampton, A. Hayter, V. Mackeith, A. M. Money, R. M. Newman, and A. Palmer. Miss Newman will also attend the Officers' Conference.

On behalf of the Women's C.U., the Committee desires to thank Miss Aubrey and Miss Trout most sincerely for their assistance, and also to wish the new Committee the best of luck.

M. C. M.

MEN.

On the whole, we haven't done so badly either. True, we do not yet write home about our effective membership, and there are many who occasionally remember us with a start, but the campaign and midday addresses, we venture to think, "went down" fairly well. One Study Circle has been running this year. No, it *isn't* a large number, but the fault is ours for not having attempted anything more ambitious. To those who usually reach for their hats when study circles are mentioned, we would say that names (especially the "stodgy" variety) are apt to deceive. Our meetings are the latest thing in informality, but, although

we manufacture rooted convictions at the shortest notice, and average a dozen serious disputes per hour, the conclusions, when reached, justify the arguments.

Six men have decided to attend the Summer Conferences at Swanwick. They do this, firstly, because it is the only opportunity Hartleyans get of associating with people from the larger "shows" of the north; secondly, on account of the unique programme; and, thirdly, because they hear that those who went previously seemed to like it.

We continue, however, to experience that "healthy discontent" which will only disappear when the C.U., with all its opportunities, is really *used* by the men of this College.

J. M. W.



U.C.S. TENNIS CLUB.

Unfortunately we were not able to open the season until the beginning of this term owing to the bad condition of the courts. So far only two courts are available for play, but the third will be ready in a few days.

We have missed all those who went down last year:—Messrs. Smith, Jolly, Sprackling, Howgego, and the Misses V. Kimber, R. Clibborn; but by now the present team is well up to College standard, and, although we have suffered three defeats—Westwood, Banister, Southampton, we have gained two victories—Eastleigh and the Old Hartleyans. We greatly enjoyed the Seniors v. Juniors' match, and also the Mixed Doubles Handicap.

Owing to the bad weather, several matches have been cancelled, while it has been impossible to play on many evenings. However, we do wish the team would remember that there is a practice on Thursday evening, and to turn up if possible, as we still need plenty of practice.

The thanks of the Club are due, firstly, to all members of the "fatigue party," who so nobly went down every Saturday morning of last term to weed the courts; and, secondly, to all those who have helped to water and roll them, or who have helped the Club in any way.

G. L. N.

CRICKET NOTES.

Up to date, 9 matches have been played, of which 4 have been won, 2 lost, and 3 drawn.

The opening game was on May 5th, against Taunton's School, and, after a close game, resulted in a win for the College by 8 runs. Both sides gave a moderate display, and it was chiefly due to the batting and bowling of Coxall that we were able to register our first victory.

Much better form was shown against the Ordnance Survey on May 9th. The Survey turned out a strong team, but were all dismissed for 94, Murray (4 for 26) and Glover (3 for 26) sharing the bowling honours. Thanks to a fine innings of 91 by Connolly, supported by Murray and Cole, the College replied with the satisfactory total of 169 for 8.

The evening match on May 11th against the Post Office resulted in a draw. Post Office batted first, and declared at 149 for 7. With the failing light, we were lucky to draw at 77 for 8. Of these Coxall put together a vigorous 34.

On May 19th the Re-union match was held at South Stoneham, and ended in a win for the Present Students by 49 runs. Little resistance was offered by the Old Students to the bowling of Glover (7 for 25) and Coxall (3 for 23), and they were dismissed for 51, of which Kingham obtained 17. For the Present Students, Connolly and Bailey were the chief contributors to a total of 100.

At Hamble, on Whit-Monday, we registered our first loss, being well beaten by Commander C. B. Fry's XI. The home team ran up the large total of 229, and the College replied with 92, of which Glover hit a lusty 32.

Exeter visited us on May 23rd, and a high-scoring match, thanks to a dismal rain, ended in a draw. Connolly (126 not out) and Carter (72) gave us a fine start, the record score of 138 being on the board before they were separated. Thanks to this, we declared at 248 for 4. Rain came on at intervals during Exeter's innings, and the game was abandoned with their score at 172 for 8.

For the matches against Lymington and Winchester College, the team was considerably weakened by the absence

of the ex-Service men, who were engaged on examinations. The former match was lost, Lymington making 200 for 3 against our 75 all out, Siggers (25) alone showing good form. The Winchester match was almost a repetition, and was drawn with the scores :—Winchester Coll., 200 for 5 ; U.C.S., 72 for 5.

Our last match was with the Constitutional Club on June 2nd. We batted first, and declared at 176 for 5. Carter played a splendid innings of 107 not out, his hits including 15 fours. The Club was dismissed for 122, Beaumont taking 4 wickets for 5 runs apiece.



SOUTHAMPTON SOCIETY OF OLD HARTLEYANS.

It seems but a short while since we congratulated Mr. R. G. Tulley on the excellent manner in which he re-organised the Society. Now we have to report the success of his Correspondence Bureau scheme, which has been put to the test during the last session. By a certain amount of coaxing, and an enormous amount of hard work, he has succeeded in adding another hundred and fifty names to the Society's list. It is, indeed, pleasant to receive from friends, miles away, little reminders of certain happenings at Coll. in your good old days.

In view of the expansion of our field of operations, the Committee will recommend, at the Annual General Meeting in July, the transformation of the Southampton Society into The Society of Old Hartleyans.

A brief resumé of our social activities during this session would not seem out of place here.

The efforts of Miss Ferguson and the Music Sub-Committee have gained many new friends for us. The Gilbert and Sullivan and operatic evenings, and the production of "Il Trovatore Up-to-Date," were each and all possessing of that good old spirit which characterised our functions at Coll.

Probably the most important affair of the year was the Dinner, held early in April. It was a function at which the

old members could join with the young. Dr. Alex. Hill presided over a company of seventy old students, including Dr. Boyd and Prof. Cock. Few were the speech-makers, short the speeches and to the point. Mr. Micky Arnold is to be thanked for providing us with a musical, half-informal and distinctly reminiscent, dinner.

We were sorry that the Coll. were prevented by League requirements from fielding their first soccer team against us. An interesting game with the second team resulted in a win by five goals to two. Mr. Jago had a little difficulty in arranging a fully representative cricket team for the Re-union match, but, for all that, we only lost by 50 runs.

Soirées have been held frequently during the session, mostly in the Rialto, and have been so well attended that the sets of lancers often resembled the early doors at a remnant sale. But if we were squashed while dancing, we expanded during supper—Miss Cross saw to that.

Early this month (June) we entertained the "going-down" students to tea, in the Winter Garden, at Highfield Hall. Miss Aubrey and the Secretary made short addresses, and a representative of the students briefly replied. About 120 students and ex-students were present. We were sorry to see Mr. Mills and Mr. Bratcher leave early—ostensibly to buy the prizes for the Swimming Gala which followed.

And about this Swimming Gala. Who on earth suggested that there should be no rules in the polo match; above all, in such a match as this—Women versus Men. Who scored the goals from outside the touchline? Who shortened the goals when an attack commenced? and who was detailed off to keep the men's heads under water so that the team be ensured of success? Why—the women.

Numerous double faults have been served on the Atherley, where the fifty-seven members of the O.H. Tennis Club enjoy their intermittent games. A few matches have been arranged.

We must congratulate Miss R. Clibborn for winning the 100 yards Old Students' Race at the recent Coll. Sports, and extend the good wishes to the first four.

N.U.S. EXECUTIVE AT MANCHESTER.

Meetings of the N.U.S. Executive have been held in many parts of England, but nowhere has a university town had the forethought to provide us with such perfect weather conditions as Manchester did at Easter.

Only those who were present could possibly realise the large amount of work that is being done for students by the N.U.S.—Union Reciprocity Book Bureau, summer schools, tours, reduced charges by tourist agencies, summer camps, foreign correspondent exchanges, and the work of the Universities' Relief Committee.

The Head Office at London does much of the work that might be said to belong to the H.Q. of the C.I.E. in Brussels. In this way England is quietly consolidating her position in the C.I.E. With regard to finance, our subscription to the C.I.E. is £50, and £89 10s. is owing for the past. Nor does our liability end there, for in September the Council of the C.I.E. is to meet in London and Oxford. Then our opportunity will come to show that England can carry out the suggestions she has made, and that given the opportunity she can transform and transfigure the C.I.E. with her own spirit of comradeship and hard work. This visit will cost us £500; since they come to us with our high rate of exchange, we must offer them an all-inclusive hospitality.

An interesting report of the Tours arranged was given by Mr. Beresford Clark. There are to be two kinds of Tours this summer—those of a general holiday character, and Faculty tours for especial study. Under the first head will be tours to France, Denmark and Czechoslovakia, and an International camp (for men only) in Belgium. The Faculty tours include a Medical tour round the principal hospitals in Europe, an Electro-hydraulic tour in Switzerland, a Chemical tour in Czechoslovakia, an Engineering tour in Belgium, and an Agricultural tour in Denmark. Arrangements have been made for small parties of students

to travel in Spain, America and Germany, and there will even be a tour in England.

One of the most astounding things has been the growth of the International Correspondence Exchanges. Over 1,000 English students now correspond with fellow students in 19 foreign countries, including far away lands like Finland, Latvia and Iceland.

Our thanks are due to the students of Manchester for the excellent hospitality they provided. The social events of the meeting included a visit to the D'Oyley Carte Opera, a dance, and a visit to the "Manchester Guardian" printing house. These were all a great success, and thoroughly appreciated by the delegates.

E. WILSON.



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